

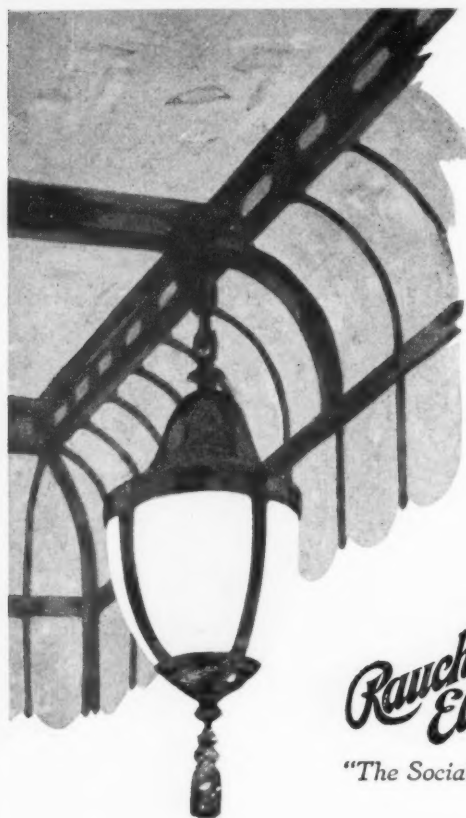
**BELGIAN  
NUMBER**

**Life**

PRICE 10 CENTS  
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**SLAVERY FOR BELGIANS**



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**First Prize:** One hundred LIFE blotters, for home and office use.

**Second Prize:** A copy of the last edition of Miniature LIFE. This is a pocket size of LIFE, printed in colors, full of pictures and humor.

**Third Prize:** There isn't any. After meditating about the matter, we believe that the sum of human happiness will be reached for any human being when he has a package of LIFE blotters, a copy of the Miniature LIFE, or is on the road to become a regular subscriber.

#### Conditions:

You do not have to be a regular subscriber to compete, but we would rather have you. If you are one, then we know that you are unusually intelligent.

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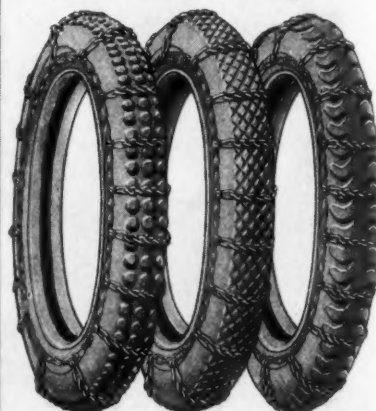
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### *Albert*

"BELGIUM is a country, not a road,"

He said. They came with wiles, with bribes and gold,  
With sophistries and darkling threats; and then  
At last with arms and fire—a vast great cloud  
Of locusts all in grey, ravening, insatiable,  
Mad with the smell of blood and lust for power.

Belgium was a wilderness of tears;  
But not a road. Still her spirit lives  
For that grim day when down the Wilhelmstrasse  
Her sons shall march in serried ranks to show  
That Belgium is a country, not a road.

*G. W. M.*



SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM  
GIVE US THIS DAY THEIR DAILY BREAD

## Form of Protest

*By the American People Against the German Enslavement of Belgium*

**WHEREAS**, The Imperial German Government has caused to be deported from conquered Belgium thousands of male civilians who, after being torn from their homes and from the presence of those they love, are carried into exile and condemned to involuntary labor in the service of their enemies, and

**WHEREAS**, This deportation of the Belgian civilian population, for whatever reason conceived or undertaken, comprises in effect, the enslavement of one nation by another, and is therefore a heinous repudiation of the rules of civilized warfare, and

**WHEREAS**, The people of these United States, as individuals and as a whole, are opposed in tradition, in policy and in conscience to any form of slavery howsoever existing upon the face of the earth, and

**WHEREAS**, The people of these United States, by reason of their freedom from the heat of conflict, do find themselves possessed of a weapon of moral judgment more searching than the sword, and do feel it their solemn duty to wield this weapon in the interest of humanity, therefore be it

**RESOLVED**, That the undersigned American citizens, or persons subscribing to the ideals of American citizenship, without wishing to embarrass the National Administration, but also without regard for the nuances of diplomatic conversation, do protest to the Imperial German Government, in the name of the holy brotherhood of man, against the coercion, exile and virtual enslavement of the Belgian nation, and be it furthermore

**RESOLVED**, That in the opinion of the citizens of the United States, an opinion ever disposed to a friendly consideration of the German people, the said enslavement of Belgium constitutes one of the blackest and most indefensible crimes ever perpetrated in the history of mankind.

**IT** shall remain for Belgium to write the epitaph for the defunct Prussian monarchy.



*John (who has been told to come and receive punishment):* JUST ONE MINUTE, MOTHER. "O LORD, YOU'VE OFTEN PROMISED TO HELP US WHEN WE NEEDED IT. NOW'S YOUR CHANCE."

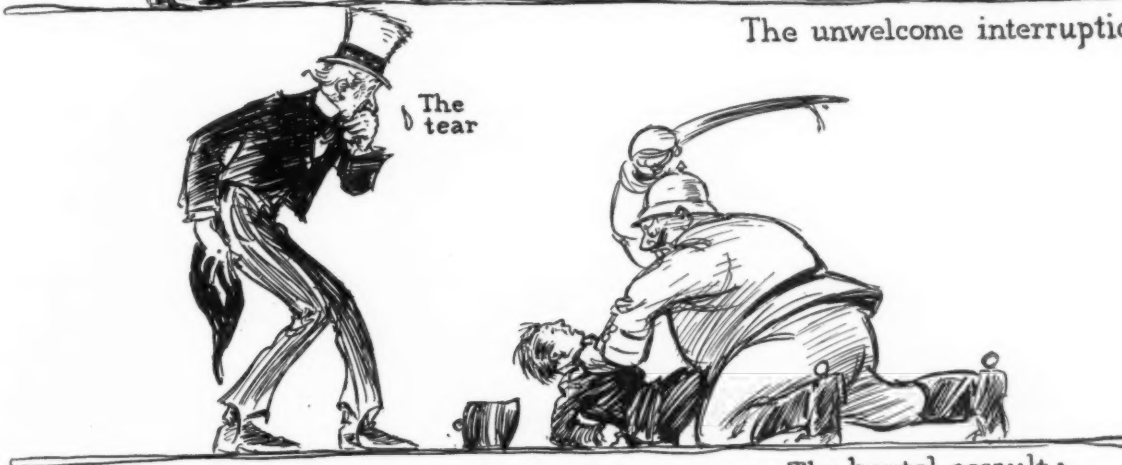
**BUTLER:** Madam, the new cook has come and she wants to know where she will keep her motor.

**HOKUS:** Did you make any new resolutions this year?  
**POKUS:** No; just the same old ones.

Rescuing Belgium



The unwelcome interruption



The  
tear

The brutal assault



The timely help

FRANKO  
YOUNG '16

*Alas for Germany!**By E. S. Martin*

THE fact about the Belgian deportations is that Germany, having committed a great crime, is obliged to do her utmost to get away with it.

Belgium hangs about her neck like a dead fowl tied to a chicken-killing dog.

She cannot get rid of Belgium.

Belgium has done her infinite harm. Belgium exposed, so that no one could mistake it, the atrocious spirit in which Germany went into the war. Her lands invaded in contempt of plighted word, her cities occupied and under ruinous tribute, her villages and factories pillaged, priceless monuments and treasures in some of her cities wantonly destroyed, her non-combatants shot in rows, her children murdered, her women worse than murdered—that is Belgium German-swept, as all the world has seen her, and wept and suffered at the sight.

The Germans know very well what their first dreadful outbreak into Belgium cost them. They know the hideous handicap their Belgian frightfulness put on them. But what can they do? There is Belgium on their hands. It is ruin to stay in; it is ruin to get out. They have tried to placate the surviving Belgians and to scour their own reputation among the neutral nations by using more humane methods of occupation. They have not tried to exterminate their captives by wholesale as their allies tried to exterminate the Armenians. They have not fed them, but they have permitted their friends to do so. But there the Belgians are, six or seven millions of them, suffering what they must, unmoved by German blandishments, fed by the Relief Commission and waiting for deliverance!

This recent deportation of the men by the hundred thousand is a sign of Germany's extremity. She has lost four

million men, and the rest of her available man-power is very busy staving off destruction. She needs workmen. There are the Belgians in her power, and she feels that she must use them. Very likely she feels also that the more Belgians there are in Germany and the fewer in Belgium the safer it will be for her when the end comes. So she is transferring her hostages to a safer pen, and at the same time increasing her productive power.

And of course in doing it she professes to be governed by benevolence and the desire to do better by her captives than is possible while they stay at home. But no one is deceived by that. The chain that joins the slave to his master always binds both. Belgium has got Germany just as tight as Germany has got Belgium. Germany has got to a point where she needs to use to the uttermost all she has. Since she has got Belgium she must use the Belgians, no matter how much worse it makes her case appear before the world or how much it revives the horror of her first assault.

Let us be sorry for Germany,

chained to her crime and bound to drain its cup of bitter consequences. Belgium in her power is her greatest liability, a bucket in which the pitch for her defilement is perpetually renewed. Belgium ever forces her to act, and leaves her choice of two alternatives, both ruinous. "From the moment when Prussian cannon hurled death at a peaceable and inoffensive little country, I realized," said Lloyd George, "that a challenge had been sent to civilization to decide an issue upon the settlement of which will depend the fate of men in this world for generations."

That was it. When Germany burst into Belgium she defied civilization.

But civilization took the challenge up. Alas for Germany!



BACK HOME



GREAT AMERICANS

MRS. J. HOOPER RUPP, WHOSE HUSBAND HAS REFUSED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HER DEBTS

## To Those About to Become Pet Owners

*Prospectus*

NO matter what your pet is, we guarantee to teach you how to bring him up. Subscribe to our monthly letters on Pekingese and Chow nursing. Have you a pet alligator? We tell you how to raise him intelligently. Have you a frisky chameleon? We show

you how to make him change color properly. Some of our subjects this month are: "How to Bathe a Great Dane," "Silk Sweaters for Hairless Pups and How to Make Them," "One Hundred Selected Menus for a Toy Spaniel." Remember that the future of our country depends upon your expert knowledge of these matters. Address Pet Correspondence Bureau, etc.

## BELGIUM

Groups of soldiers introduced themselves forcibly in the homes of these people, tearing the young people out of the arms of their parents, the husband from his wife, the father from his children; at the point of the bayonet they block the entrances to the homes, preventing wives and mothers from rushing out to say a last farewell to them; they align the captives in groups of forty or fifty and push them forcibly into freight cars; the locomotive is under pressure, and as soon as a trainload is ready, an officer gives the signal and they depart. Thus another thousand Belgians reduced to slavery, without previous trial, condemned to the penalty which comes next in cruelty to the death penalty—deportation \* \* \* \* *Extract from Cardinal Mercier's protest.*

## Gains Not Ill-Gotten

DR. HILLIS calls our profits on munitions of war "ill-gotten gains." So they are often called. But the supplies sent have done more good than anything ever shipped out of this country, and if there had been no profit on them this would have been the only country in the world in which makers of ammunition were not making money by their work.

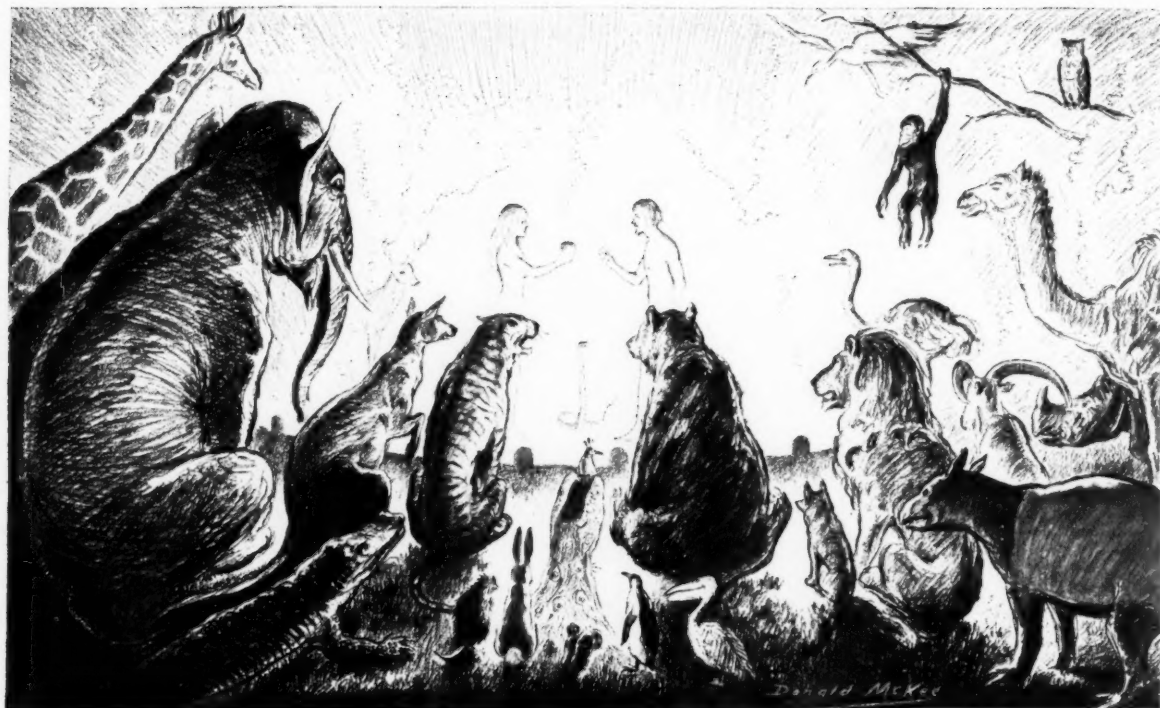
WALTON: Boozer says he even drinks in his dreams.

GALTON: A case of unconscious celebration.



THE TRIALS OF A MOVIE STAR

Camera Man: I'M SORRY, JACK, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO DO THAT BUSINESS OVER AGAIN, WHERE YOU FALL OFF THE ROOF INTO THE RAIN BARREL AND ARE RUN OVER BY THE STEAM-ROLLER. MY FILM GAVE OUT.



THE FIRST FIRST-NIGHT

### Kind Thoughts of Us

**A**LONG of the Peace Proposal, General Malletierre (Frenchman) was quoted as saying:

We are aware that certain neutrals are suffering through the war. Our thoughts are often with the American people, with the American workmen who are enduring a marked increase in the cost of living. We are grateful to them. But the Allies who are fighting for a humanitarian peace are suffering still more.

We appreciate these words of sympathy from our good friend. Will someone please break it to him that the American workmen are enduring not only a marked increase in the cost of living but a ditto in wages, and that the fittest objects of his kind thought are persons on salaries which have not been raised and the American newspapers and periodicals, which have to pay so much too much for paper.

### Cardinal Mercier

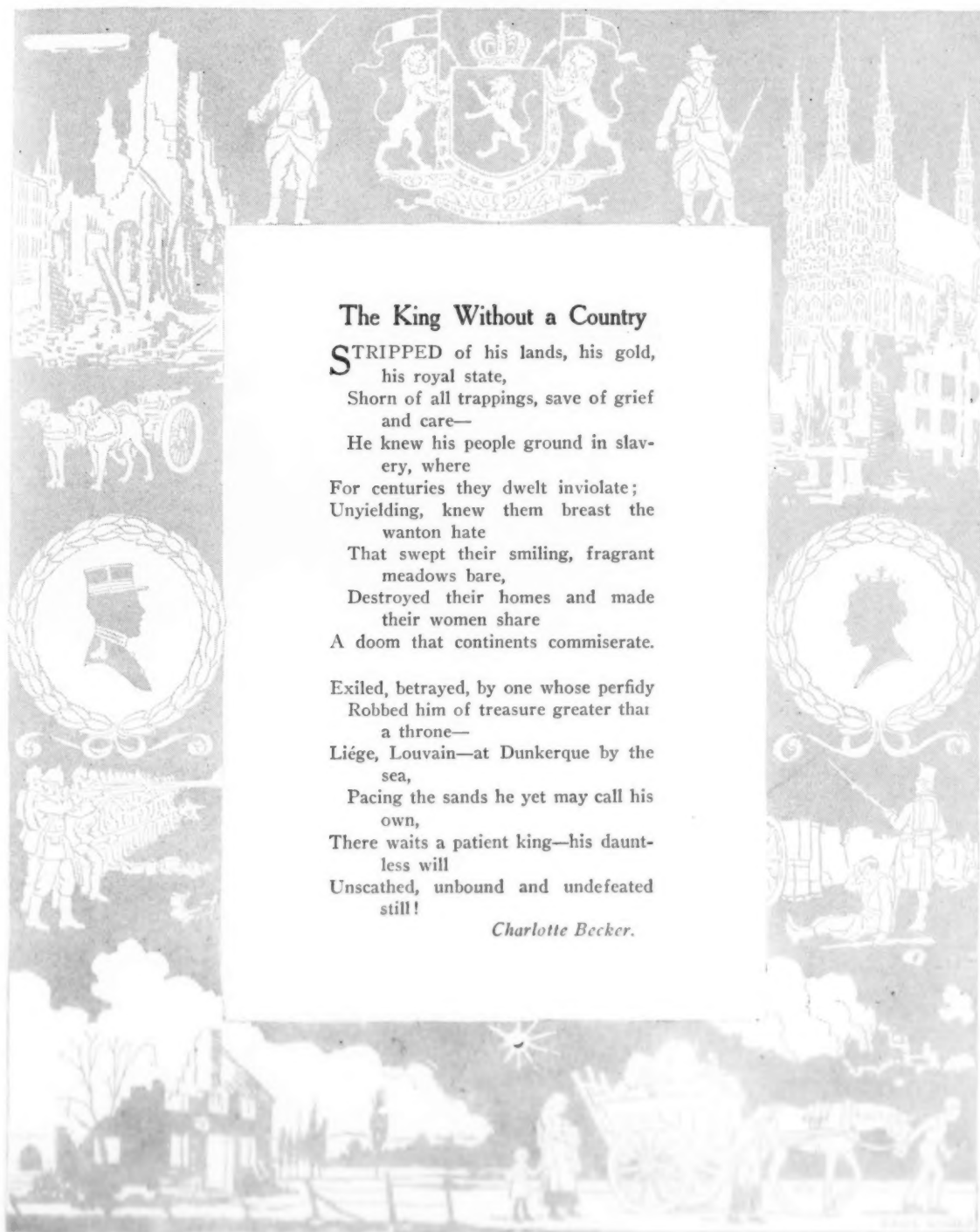
**N**O man has ever grappled more bravely with the horns of a dilemma than Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. As a patriot, His Eminence is zealously devoted to the cause of the conquered monarchy, while as a Prince of the Catholic Church he has shown fine diplomacy in his dealings with and for the Vatican, whose favor and influence Ger-

many sedulously seeks and greatly desires. The Cardinal has had to temper his zeal as a patriot with his discretion as a primate, and that he has performed this difficult task successfully is evidenced by the high favor with which he is regarded in both Catholic Rome and Protestant London. Belgium is fortunate in her plucky and energetic Cardinal.

*J. B. Kennedy.*



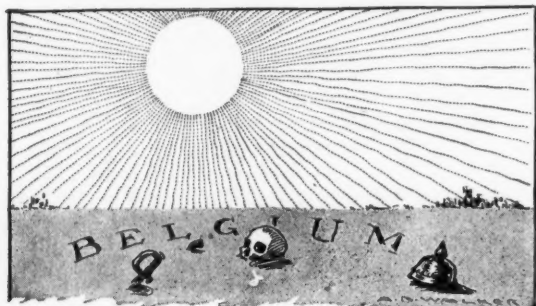
TIME WILL TELL



### The King Without a Country

STRIPPED of his lands, his gold,  
his royal state,  
Shorn of all trappings, save of grief  
and care—  
He knew his people ground in slav-  
ery, where  
For centuries they dwelt inviolate;  
Unyielding, knew them breast the  
wanton hate  
That swept their smiling, fragrant  
meadows bare,  
Destroyed their homes and made  
their women share  
A doom that continents commiserate.  
  
Exiled, betrayed, by one whose perfidy  
Robbed him of treasure greater than  
a throne—  
Liège, Louvain—at Dunkerque by the  
sea,  
Pacing the sands he yet may call his  
own,  
There waits a patient king—his daunt-  
less will  
Unscathed, unbound and undefeated  
still!

*Charlotte Becker.*



HE'LL GET IT

### Belgian Atrocities

(According to Berlin)

1. RESISTING an entrance into Belgium.
2. Locking doors against the Germans.
3. Attempting to protect their wives and children.
4. Eating their own food when the Germans were hungry.
5. Refusing to accept Kultur.
6. Showing national spirit.
7. Arguing over a mere "scrap of paper."

### A Square Deal for Readers Also

A MAN in Philadelphia writes to the *North American* criticising the captious individual who "stops" his paper. The man who stops his paper is the man who writes and tells you that he has been taking it for twenty-six years, but can no longer stand the policy.

There is really no reason, however, why a man should not stop his paper if he doesn't agree with it, because under these circumstances it may not agree with him. What he should have is a paper that agrees with him about everything. The right editor of the future will therefore be a man who, before he gets his paper out, will send word to all of his subscribers, notifying them in advance, and asking their approval. If anybody objects to anything, then the editor can of course leave it out or change it to suit.

This practice at present is confined to the advertisers. But is it fair to confine it thus? Shouldn't the readers have the same privilege as the advertisers? Perhaps they

do not pay as much, but the principle is the same. They pay. They ought to have a right to say what is going into the paper, just as the advertiser now does—in so many cases.

### Belgium and Social Justice

IN 1914 Belgium had a large and intelligent body of workmen with a lively sense of their importance in Belgian society. They insisted on reforms, improvements and social justice, and obtained them, but they overlooked the army and the guns. In fact, they opposed guns and armies because they thought the military was not related to social justice. So Belgium had an army of 40,000 while Switzerland had one of 400,000. The German General Staff chose the Belgium route to Paris, and now the Belgian working classes have the social justice of Von Bissing und Gott. Switzerland, in her reforms and freedom, is as secure as ever.

Social justice must carry field glasses and don khaki once a year.

### "Neutrals" Can't Stay Neutral

EVERY time the "neutrals" begin to feel a little bit neutral Prussia starts something that sweeps them all back in the Allied lines.

The last episode to do this service is the deportation of Belgians.



"BUT I'M SO AFRAID GEORGE WILL THINK THIS SKIRT TOO SHORT."

"FAR FROM IT. 'MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW, NOR WANTS THAT LITTLE LONG.'"



THE CHIMNEY CORNER

### Reading Aloud

ONCE we read Tennyson aloud  
In our great fireside chair;  
My lips could touch, between the lines,  
Her April-scented hair.

How very fond I was to think  
The printed poems fair,  
When close within my arms I held  
A living lyric there!

### Literary Authors

THE *Springfield Republican*, in answer to a correspondent, draws an interesting distinction between a literary writer and what may be termed a non-literary writer, such, for example, as Jack London. His way may be a literary way as with Mr. Howells, or an unliterary way as with Mr. London, says the *Republican*. That is to say, there are authors who are readers of

books, and there are authors who are not readers of books. Jack London was in the latter class. He lived outdoors and wrote adventure. Yet the comparison is hardly a happy one, because it seems to give undue emphasis to the value of a literary life, just because Mr. Howells happens to be a better writer than Jack London.

The best authors have read the fewest books.

Jack London was not such a good writer as he should have been, considering his opportunities. Mr. Howells is a better writer than he should be, considering his literary life.

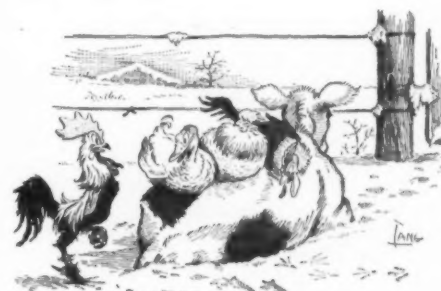
### Unsolvable

THERE'S one thing that we wish  
we knew,  
(It bothers us a-plenty)  
And that is, what T. R. will do  
And whom, in 1920.

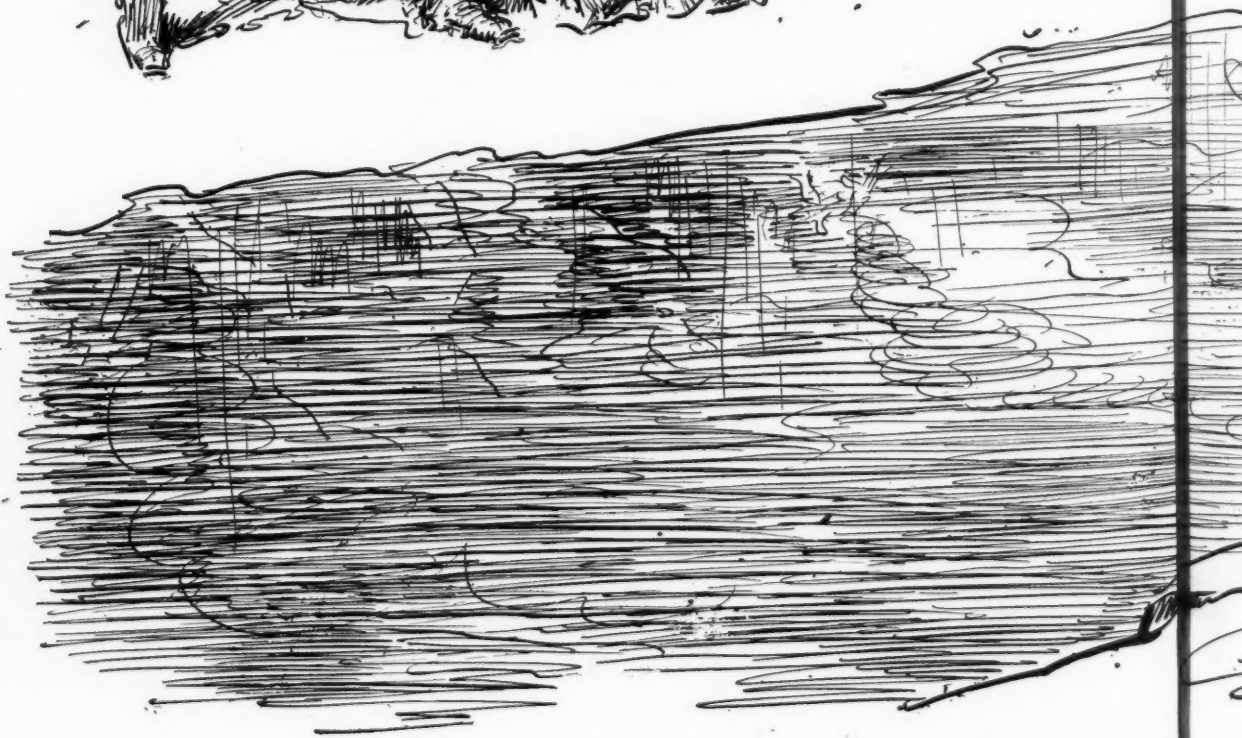
### A Possibility

WITH the advancing cost of white paper, announcements like the following may be looked for in the magazines:

"Authors submitting manuscript are requested to enclose small sum to defray cost of rejection slip."



"CAN'T YOU MOVE OVER AND LET ME WARM MY FEET?"





IS IT REALLY GETTING ON HIS NERVES?



JANUARY 11, 1917.

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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PEACE efforts have not yet got anywhere as this issue of LIFE goes to the press.

The German suggestion that Germany has won a war that was forced on her and is ready now to stop fighting, has been coldly received by the Allies. They call it "a sham proposal, lacking all substance and precision," and not so much an offer of peace as a war manoeuvre. A mere suggestion without a statement of terms to open negotiations is not, they say, an offer of peace.

In their joint reply they set Germany right about how the war began, remind her of many painful things that have since happened, of which she makes no mention, charge that her overtures are a calculated attempt to bring the war to end to German advantage, and "refuse to consider a proposal that is empty and insincere." "Penalties, reparation and guarantees" are what the situation calls for as the Allies see it, and they devote the last quarter of their reply to posting Germany on the bill-board of the nations as the treacherous despoiler of Belgium, who, "while proclaiming peace and humanity to the world, is deporting Belgian citizens by thousands, and reducing them to slavery."

It seems a very nice reply and correct in all its particulars. It is the answer of the French seventy-five to the German seventy-seven—more of the same sort of exchange that is now well on in its third year of transaction. It is such an answer as was to

be expected, and brings very little help to peace prospects. Of course the Allies are not going to negotiate with a German statement of the causes and status of the war as the basis of negotiation. Of course they are not going to have an armistice; nor a conference unless they have assurance beforehand that the conference will be worth while and its outcome probably satisfactory.

What outcome would be satisfactory to the Allies is expected to be disclosed in the next chapter of this interesting peace serial, to wit: the reply to Mr. Wilson's circular letter.



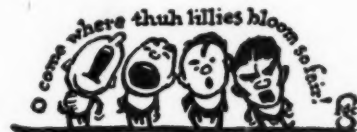
IT will be noticed that there would hardly have been a "To be continued" at the end of the first instalment of the peace serial unless our President had taken his pen in hand. People who are interested in the next chapter will please give him credit for it; people who are bored by it can blame him. For our part, we are glad to have the story go on. It is a little change from the war narrative that we have had so long, and with which everyone, belligerents especially, must be sated. It is not wrong of us to hope that there will be peace in Europe before everybody there who is worth killing is dead, nor even wrong to hope that our President may be an instrument of assistance to that end.

A great many people are in a state of chronic contempt for Mr. Wilson and displeasure with all his works, and

when he practices to put a little salt on the dove's tail, they can't stand it at all. All they see in his efforts is the attempt of an objectionable character to increase his own reputation by using the power of the United States to pull off a bad peace untimely. They can't bear to have him get credit for anything; they think he has got already far more than he deserves, and the idea of his getting any more is gall and wormwood to them.

It is doubtful if these brethren get it right. Heaven knows what goes on inside of Mr. Wilson's head, but it is perfectly easy to account for all his conduct by other motives than self-seeking. What would the good man want of any more fame? He has lived a life stuffed with glories. He was pitcher on the Princeton nine, an instructor at Bryn Mawr, manager and coach of the Wesleyan football team, President of Princeton, Governor of New Jersey, and is now President of the United States, with a second term in his pocket that he has not yet even nibbled. Why should he want the Nobel prize? Why should he be chasing renown? He hasn't cellar-room now for the glory he has salted down.

We don't believe that Mr. Wilson is taking chances and playing busybody in order to make a name for himself. He looks much more like a man in a great place in a great world crisis, who is simply doing his best to make good. Perhaps he will, perhaps he won't; perhaps he will lighten the woes of the world, perhaps he will prolong them. But he is the leader and official representative of American democracy. If he can help the world he must do it, and if he can't it is better that it should not be for lack of trying. One would rather have him blunder than not try, for by adventure and mistake one may get somewhere, but not by being afraid to act.



NO doubt these overtures and statements and talk and back-talk are the beginning of the end of the war, but the space between may be any-

thing you will, and may last according to taste and opinion. The great disseminators of prognostication in these days are the gentlemen who write the headlines in the newspapers, but about peace and when it is coming they know no more than the bankers, the tipsters, the diplomats or the General Staffs. If anyone knew just how much there was to eat in Germany it would help in calculations, but nothing more than a probability could be computed even from that. We think Germany may be starved out, and we know the Allies won't; we know that time will tell, but not how much time, nor who will be left to listen. The venerable prophecy of Mayence, widely circulated two years ago, says: "William the Second shall be the last King of Prussia and shall have no other successors, save a King of Poland, a King of Hanover and a King of Saxony." The excellent prophecy of the Antichrist says: "Antichrist will sue for peace many times, but the three animals (the cock, the leopard and the white eagle) will not be permitted to cease fighting so long as Antichrist has soldiers." Both these prophecies wind up the great war with a terrific final set-to in Westphalia. They cannot be considered reliable tips in this sceptical age, but they are as good as most of those that Wall Street uses, and they serve a useful purpose in getting one's mind off the newspapers and away from the delusion that the net residue of many columns of conflicting statements is information.

Nobody knows how long the war will take to end, nor what will be the details of its ending, but most of us believe now that Germany cannot win, and that the only thing left for her to fight for is favorable terms.



**T**HERE is a good deal of talk about the alienation of American sympathy from the Allies, and some of our brethren in Europe, especially in England, seem worried about it. The *Tribune* asserts that the mass of Amer-



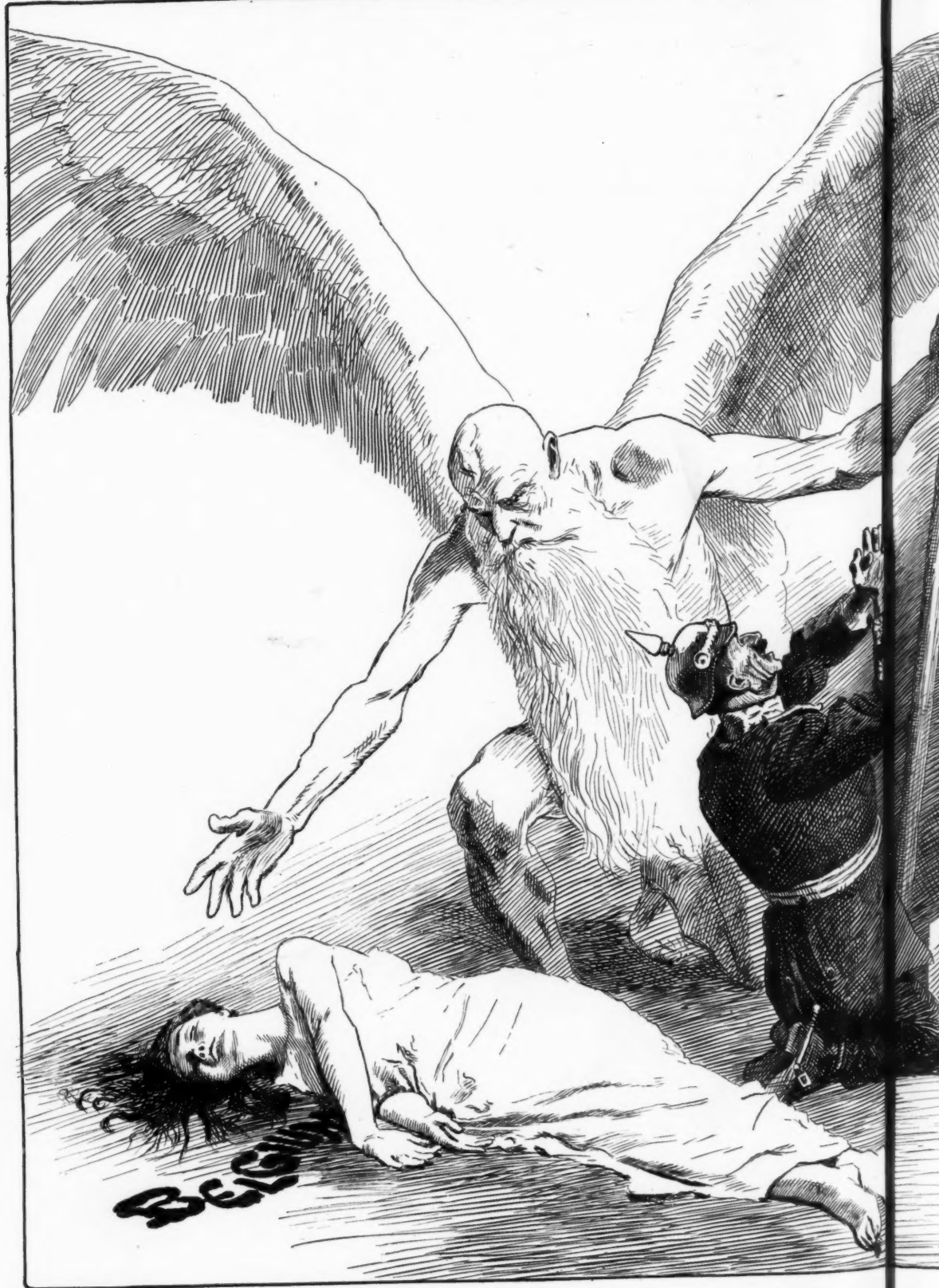
BELGIUM  
"KULTURSTADT"

ican opinion still holds to the idea that the evacuation of Belgium and France is essential to a just peace, but that it does not and will not go beyond that, nor "accept the British view that the war is a war for civilization and that the first essential to peace is the crushing defeat of Germany."

There may be some truth in that. Our people know Belgium and France, but when it comes to the conflict of British, German and Russian interests in the Balkans and Asia, they are beyond the range of their information, and are slow to take sides. Their at-

titude, then, as the *Tribune* sees it, amounts to this: that in concerns that they understand they are pro-Ally as much as ever, and in concerns that they cannot fathom they are neutral.

The war has changed, and Americans need to re-study it. That need may justify the President in asking for more light from the belligerents on their intentions. As much as ever the Americans detest the Prussian theory and method in human affairs. In Belgium they see it and hate it, and they will hate it elsewhere if it is revealed to them.







### Gamblers of London and Troubadours of France



WHEN cities so intimately connected as New York and Chicago negative each other's judgment about plays it is not strange that London frequently rejects what New York approves and New York declines to be amused or pleased by what has found favor in London.

"Gamblers All," which had a successful run at Wyndham's, with the late Lewis Waller in the leading male part, comes to us not only with the seal of London approval, but with the English atmosphere perfectly preserved. In fact, even the few American actors in the cast have imbibed thoroughly the London dialect of their imported associates to the point that during certain moments of the play the dialogue seemed a contest to determine which one of the players could most intensely Londonize his or her intonations. At times it seemed a sort of twittering match, with the Americans not at all a bad second. There were agreeable exceptions to the London accent, particularly in the case of Miss Ernita Lascelles and Miss Starr, who thereby gained a percentage of favor against their fellow-players.



ALTHOUGH two of the principal characters carry titles, the persons of the play belong in rather a fast set in the upper middle class. The fastness is emphasized by an over-consumption of cigarettes by the principal characters, particularly the women, and the desperate financial straits of almost everyone concerned. Gambling is at the bottom of this last condition, and leads up to an ineffective climax showing a badly staged raid on a fashionable London gambling hell. Up to this point the play had pictured with great detail and a tremendous amount of unnecessary talk, but presumably accurately, some phases of London domestic and sporting life. If the play had begun here the spectator would have more energy left to enjoy the better acts that followed.

The play is well cast, taking the London accent as essential to the London atmosphere, the principal honors going to Miss Muriel Starr, who has gained much in poise and a considerable emotional power during her absence from the New York stage. Mr. John Milner and Mr. Ronald Squire also scored in two characters not heroic in themselves, but shining by contrast with about as remarkable a collection of social rotters as has ever been gathered under one dramatic title.

"Gamblers All," liberally blue-pencilled, particularly in its early scenes, might stand a chance with American audiences. As it is, it will hardly do.



"SEREMONDA," by Mr. William Lindsey, is capable of giving us a convincing test of whether New York, and perhaps other more American audiences, still care anything

for romantic and tragic dramas in verse, outside of those that have become stage classics. Its literary form is of a high order, it tells well an interesting and dramatic story, it is very handsomely staged, and it is acceptably acted. A more magnetic actress than Julia Arthur in the title rôle would have made the play more acceptable to the public, but she is sufficiently beautiful and sufficiently competent in speech and action to make the test a fair one, so far as an appreciation and acceptance of the play are concerned. That is to say, the play is of enough merit in its school and it is well enough done to make its presentation a test of whether the present-day public cares for this form of drama. All the conditions are favorable. Money is plenty, it is distributed through all classes, and the theatres are getting their full share of it. It will be interesting to note the fate of Mr. Lindsey's scholarly work as showing one trend of the popular taste.



"SEREMONDA" is written in the time of the crusaders and troubadours, with its scene a castle in southern France. Its heroine is a young chatelaine who has never loved her crusading husband, and in his absence has given her affections to one of his retainers, who has forsaken arms for the profession of singing poet. The return of the lord brings first suspicion and then confirmation, with the result that the troubadour's heart is served to the lady at table, and in her



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, SIS?"

"TO CHURCH."

"GEE WHIZ! DO YE EXPECT TO FOOL THE LORD WITH ALL THAT MAKE-UP?"

horror she throws herself from the window of the banqueting room. All this the author has put into dramatic verse, with light interludes to relieve the tragedy and a consistent progress to the final climax.

In the acting Julia Arthur declaims her lines well, and, if she does not stir the sympathies, is always a picturesque and attractive figure. Mr. Alphonz Ethier gives an admirable rendering of the saturnine lord with his moments of amiability when in his cups and his vindictiveness when he is out of them. The other members of the cast do well with what has become unfamiliar material for actors, and has been so rehearsed as to make the performance a smooth one. The settings and accessories are notably fine, even in this time of scenic extravagance.

"Seremonda" is, of course, not for the tired business man. It remains to be seen whether there is any other audience for it.



"HAPPY is that country that has no drama!" A glance at the list of current attractions shows that this ought to be a very happy country indeed. It shows a large proportion of imported entertainments and plenty of American origin, most of the last in the nature of farce and farcical comedy, but practically no dramas of American authorship or based on the developments of American life. Have we exhausted native dramatic material, or are we so happy that we haven't any? Metcalfe.



HAMLET UP TO DATE

**Longacre.**—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. The incredible fact that there are circumstances under which a Wall Street man may tell the truth turned into very laughable farcical comedy.

**Lyceum.**—"Her Husband's Wife." Notice later.

**Lyric.**—"A Daughter of the Gods." Spectacular movie play with its most attractive features the swimming feats of Annette Kellermann with a delightful Jamaican background.

**Maxine Elliott's.**—"Gamblers All." See above.

**Park.**—Mr. Tom Wise's excellent portrayal of Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

**Playhouse.**—"The Man Who Came Back." by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Interesting and strong play, with its subject the redemption of a young American who had gone to the demeriton bow-wows.

**Princess.**—The Portmanteau Theatre of interesting playlets done in a novel way.

**Punch and Judy.**—"Treasure Island." Last week of the excellent staging of Stevenson's famous story of pirates and treasure trove.

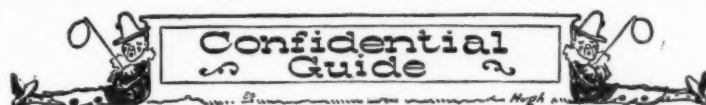
**Republic.**—"Good Gracious, Annabelle." Well acted farcical comedy with clever lines and situations.

**Shubert.**—"So Long, Letty." Charlotte Greenwood's eccentric abilities the main feature of a diverting musical piece.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31." by Rachel Crothers. Diverting and touching comedy showing that old age and poverty have their dramatic and amusing aspects.

**Winter Garden.**—"The Show of Wonders." An excellent girl-and-music prescription for what ails the t. b. m.

**Ziegfeld's Frolic.**—An excuse, in the way of midnight vaudeville and cabaret, for not going to bed.



**Astor.**—"Her Soldier Boy" with Adele Rowland and Messrs. Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas. Diverting musical play.

**Belasco.**—Frances Starr in "Little Lady in Blue." Refreshing reproduction of the days when England's sailors really sailed. Well acted and well staged sentimental drama.

**Booth.**—Mr. William Faversham in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Getting Married." Admirably acted comedy of satire aimed at English social institutions.

**Casino.**—Anna Held in "Follow Me." Elaborately staged and diverting girl-and-music show with the star remarkable in her costumes.

**Century.**—"The Century Girl." The big theatre and big stage given over to an elaborately produced girl-and-music show.

**Cohan and Harris's.**—"Captain Kidd, Jr." Partly rural and partly sentimental comedy, amusing in itself and well done.

**Comedy.**—The Washington Square Players. Four unique playlets of different sorts staged in original fashion.

**Cort.**—"Upstairs and Down." by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Well staged comedy showing some rough-house depictions of alleged life in Long Island society.

**Criterion.**—Julia Arthur in "Seremonda." See above.

**Eltinge.**—"Cheating Cheaters." by Mr. Max Marcin. Farcical criminality made amusing through its surprises and clever presentation.

**Empire.**—Maude Adams in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." One of the Scotch dramatist's whimsical fancies humorously and excellently done.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—"Joan the Woman" in moving-picture demonstration, with Geraldine Farrar as the star. One of the big efforts, imposing in some of its scenes, but with all the usual defects of the movies.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"The Thirteenth Chair," by Mr. Bayard Veiller. Amusing crime melodrama which keeps the audience guessing up to the very last minute.

**Fulton.**—"The Master," from the German of Hermann Bahr, with Mr. Arnold Daly. Interesting and well acted sex drama.

**Gaiety.**—"Turn to the Right," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Very laughable farcical comedy with its principals drawn from the near-criminal classes.

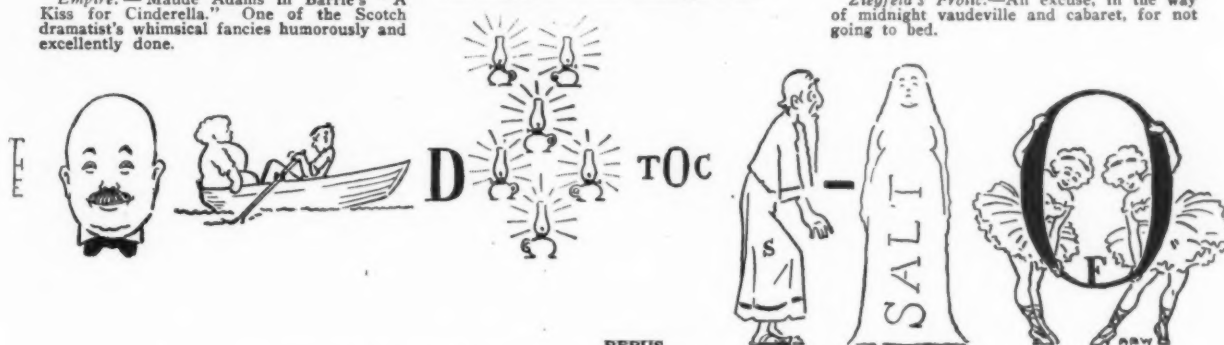
**Globe.**—Laurette Taylor in "The Harp of Life," by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. Well acted drama dealing with the question of the advisability of sex-instruction for the young.

**Harris.**—"The Yellow Jacket." Highly interesting and diverting comedy drama presented in the Chinese style.

**Hippodrome.**—"The Big Show." Vaudeville features, spectacle, ballet and ice carnival on a big and brilliant scale.

**Knickerbocker.**—Mr. David Warfield in revival of "The Music Master," by the late Charles Klein. Drama with touches of humor and pathos, with the star in a famous character part.

**Little.**—"L'Enfant Prodiges," re-christened "Pierrot the Prodigal." French pantomime well done, charming in itself and with delightful musical accompaniment.



REBUS

THE ANSWER: THE BALD-HEADED ROW DELIGHTS TO SEE LOTS OF CHORUS GIRLS

## Perhaps

The revenues of Belgium are being collected by the Germans as an indemnity.—*News item.*

IT'S difficult for me to see  
(And do not think I have not tried)  
The reason Germans wish to be  
Indemnified

For laying waste a smiling land  
And robbing crushed and helpless  
folk.  
It must be some unpleasant brand  
Of German joke!

Perhaps they wish it since they think  
That Prussia only should exist,  
And that all other folk should sink  
Beneath her fist.

Perhaps it pays for the disgust  
With which the world regards their  
acts—  
Their traitors' tricks, their bestial lust,  
Their broken pacts.

K. L. R.

## Super Office Boys

OFFICE boys having practically become extinct, elderly gentlemen are now taking their places—and doing mighty good work. They ought to infuse some life into the District Messenger service.

The fact is that there is just as much dignity to the labor of an office boy as there is to the heads of businesses. It is only because the positions have hitherto been given to young and more or less irresponsible individuals, who whistled at their work and forgot half the time to fill the inkwells, that we came to regard this work as irreverential. The truth is that it takes a long experience of life to learn the value of little things—to learn that the little amenities and the apparently trivial duties come within the realm of the highest art. Now that elderly gentlemen are becoming office boys, a new and gentle profession will be added to our business curriculum. What cannot a cultured and learned office boy of sixty teach of modesty, of manners, of true courtesy, to some of the younger heads of our businesses!



BUSINESS

## What's a Picture, Between Friends?

IN the early days of the ravaging of Belgium, an American photographer-correspondent, at Louvain, asked the German lieutenant acting as his guide if he might take any pictures.

"Certainly," replied the officer. "You'll find one or two good ones left in that house over there."



THE PACIFIER

Kaiser: QUICK! SHOW HIM THIS. IT ALWAYS QUIETS HIM FOR A WHILE

### Traitors Three

JUDAS and Arnold and Kaiser Bill  
Sat and talked on a brimstone hill.

"I," said Judas, "I sold my Lord  
To murderers for a cash reward."

"And I," said Arnold, "betrayed my  
men;  
Everyone talked of my deed then."

The Kaiser spoke, "Why, boys, I  
broke  
A sacred treaty with peaceful folk;

"Betrayed them, man and woman and  
child,  
To be shot and massacred and defiled.

"The remnant I work in my armament  
town  
At shells to shoot their brothers down."

An envious thrill through the dead  
hearts flew.

"What a traitor you are!" said the  
other two.

## The Latest Books

THE only thing that is worse than an English translation of a German version of a third-rate Russian novel is a serious piece of realistic-romantic pessi-optimism undertaken by a sentimental Britisher under the inoculated literary influence of the Slavonic influenza. Imagine a Maxim Gorky-ish waif, squalor-bred but with dropped aitches and a sea setting, slowly melodramatized into a fictional demonstration of the unpublished Beatitude, "Blessed are the put-upon, for they shall find culture," and you have the key to J. C. Snaith's laborious history of 'Enery 'Arper, "The Sailor" (Appletons, \$1.40). Mr. Snaith has a versatile talent, much ingenuity and, under most circumstances, an engaging sense of humor. Let us hope that the loss of the latter is a temporary symptom of *La Grippe Russe*.

WOULDN'T it be terrible if William J. Locke should come down with the Russian Influence! Think of a "Septimus" à la "Sanine," or a "Morals of Marcus Ordeynski"! Fortunately Mr. Locke seems to be immune. His latest story, "The Wonderful Year" (Lane, \$1.40), is dilute but unadulterated Locke, and has the inevitable hero with the awkwardage, pigeon-toed and thumb-handed soul in process of being drawn out and put at its ease by lovely ladies. This time the spiritual patient is a discharged English schoolmaster, and the soul-hospital is provincial France with a cosmopolitan staff of surgeons and nurses and a convalescent camp in Egypt. The tale has a mild but pleasant flavor and all the intellectual advantages of a "vanishing cream."

LOUISE BEEBE WILDER'S "My Garden" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50) is hereby commended to hibernating horticulturists. It is just the kind of garden book one wants in January—which is no time of year for the dogmatizing and didactic sort of garden manualists. What one wants in mid-winter is a book that will make next year's garden bloom in one's snowed-in imagination. And reading Mrs. Wilder's pages now is like swapping confidences with a fellow fisherman in the closed season. She has much experience, definite personal opinions, but an open mind and the gift of offering useful hints and hard-won knowledge to us, nicely wrapped up in contagious enthusiasm.

ONE of those little "ironies of Fate" that we hear so much about is being sprung on us these days without anyone's seeming to notice it. While the stories about the Englishman who can't see a joke are still going the rounds of the hilarity columns, the liveliest and liveliest fun that is being made of, and for, Americans is being furnished by a loyal subject of King George, Stephen Leacock, professor of political economy at McGill University, Montreal, Canada. Stephen Leacock's "Further Foolishness" (Lane, \$1.25) contains another dozen and a half of those skits, satires and "swats"—political, literary and social—in which, by deftly over-emphasizing the obvious but disregarded idiocy of many of our habitual attitudes, Professor Leacock turns our laughter so irresistibly and wholesomely on ourselves.

(Continued on page 73)

## 720 Babies Helped



ALBERT DÉHU, BABY 254

THE generous contributions of LIFE's readers for the orphaned and destitute children of France now total \$52,898.41, from which the sum of 275,468.24 francs has been remitted to Paris. This provides maintenance for more than 720 babies for two years. No words can add to the impressiveness of these figures. They tell their own story of the sympathy and admiration of the people of one republic for the suffering and bravery of the people of a sister republic. It is to some extent a recognition of the help that was sent to us in our time of need, but above and exceeding this it is an evidence of American tender-heartedness and generosity to those in helplessness and sorrow.

LIFE with gratitude acknowledges from

E. W. Scripps, Miramar, Cal., for Baby No. 670.....	\$73
L. D. Ault, Cincinnati, O., for Baby No. 671.....	73
Primary Department of Kent Place School, Summit, N. J., for Baby No. 672.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sterling, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 674.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Kennett, St. Louis, Mo., for Babies Nos. 675 and 676.....	146
Two Friends of France, Newton, Mass., for Baby No. 677.....	73
Louise, Elizabeth and Hollister Kent, Brookline, Mass., for Baby No. 678.....	73
Herbert Bronson, Scarsdale, N. Y., for Baby No. 679.....	73
W. Parsons Todd, Morristown, N. J., for Babies Nos. 680 and 681.....	146
In memory of George Prindle and Christine T. Prindle, Duluth, Minn., for Babies Nos. 682 and 683.....	146
"Lapege," New York City, for Baby No. 684.....	73
C. H. H., Inglewood, Cal., for Babies Nos. 685, 686, 687 and 688.....	292
"Christmas," New York City, for Babies Nos. 689 and 690.....	146
Feggy F. and T. F., Jr., Windber, Pa., for Babies Nos. 691 and 692.....	146
I. H., Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 693.....	73
Peter Schuyler, New York City, for Baby No. 694.....	73
Four Public School Teachers, Toledo, O., for Baby No. 696.....	73
Mrs. Harry Wiese, Beaumont, Texas, for Baby No. 697.....	73
In memory of James Ward Dempsey, Tacoma, Wash., for Baby No. 698.....	73
Joseph T. Sullivan, Moorestown, N. J., for Baby No. 699.....	73
W. A. Clark, Jr., Los Angeles, Cal., for Babies Nos. 700, 701, 702, 703, 704 and 705.....	438
Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert D. Lamb, New York City, for Baby No. 707.....	73
George A. Whiting, Baltimore, Md., for Baby No. 708.....	73
Edward L. Pierce, Syracuse, N. Y., for Baby No. 709.....	73
Annah Louise Bursaw and Helen Ogilvie Bursaw, Beverly, Mass., for Babies Nos. 710 and 711.....	146
Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Veiller, New York City, for Baby No. 712.....	73
Mrs. Douglas Vander Hoof, Richmond, Va., for Babies Nos. 713 and 714.....	146
In memory of Mary Hopkins Blagden, New York City, for Baby No. 716.....	73

Ambrose and Gilla Ann Hemingway, Casper, Wyo., for Baby No. 717.....	73
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall Smith, Pittsburgh, Pa., for Baby No. 718.....	73
In memory of Thede C. Preston, Ionia, Mich., for Baby No. 719.....	73
J. A. Mitchell, New York City, for Baby No. 720.....	73

### FOR BABY NUMBER 634

Already acknowledged.....	\$53.56
Ray and Muz, Newton, Mass.....	19.44
	\$73

### FOR BABY NUMBER 673

Ray and Muz, Newton, Mass.....	\$0.56
J. A. K., Memphis, Tenn.....	5
Lorraine Homans, Englewood, N. J.....	10
H. P. Simpson, Washington, D. C.....	5
Mrs. Frederick Smith, Allegany, N. Y.....	5
Edward C. Young, Cleveland, O.....	26
"Virginia, Brother and Nora," Newton Highlands, Mass.....	5
Marion C. Oliver, Washington, D. C.....	10
School children of Salem, Va., through Miss F. B., Salem, Va.....	4.50
For Ruth, Birmingham, Ala.....	1.94
	\$73

### FOR BABY NUMBER 605

Louis H. Hoskins, Kansas City, Mo.....	\$6
For Ruth, Birmingham, Ala.....	1.81
R. M. I., Springfield, Mass.....	5
W. H. Wilkinson, New York City.....	5
Mary B. Hall, Miami, Fla.....	5
A. G., Sprague, Wash.....	5
George A. Whiting, Baltimore, Md.....	27
Charles L. Houze, New York City.....	12
Miss Emma Fries, Philadelphia, Pa.....	5
D. M. Joseph Woods, Halifax, N. S.....	1.19
	\$73

### FOR BABY NUMBER 706

W. A. Clark, Jr., Los Angeles, Cal.....	\$62
D. M. Joseph Woods, Halifax, N. S.....	3.96
P. A. Gemmill, 20th Br. Canadians, B. E. F., France.....	2
G. L. H., Cambridge, Mass.....	5
K., Washington, D. C.....	.04
	\$73

### FOR BABY NUMBER 713

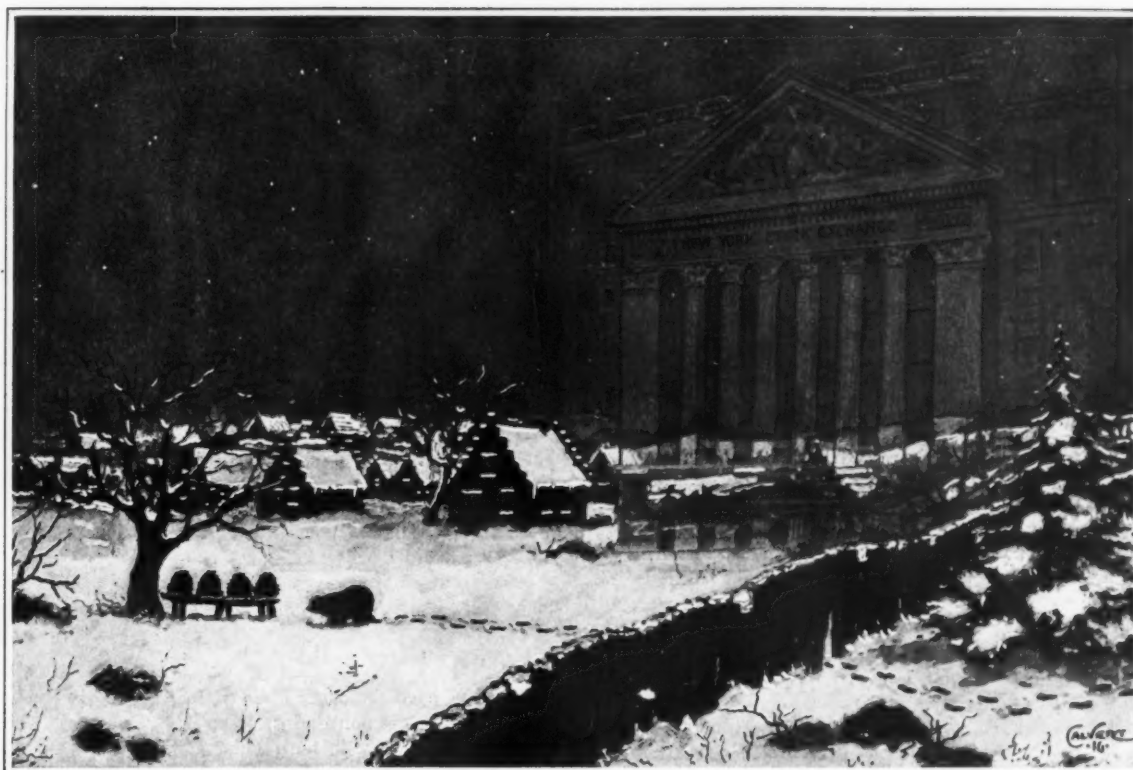
Miss Anna W. Kuhn, Andover, Mass.....	\$36.50
K., Washington, D. C.....	9.96
In memory of E. M. E., Asheville, N. C.....	25
	\$71.46

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by "The Fatherless Children of France," an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Society has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Society the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Society with no deduction whatever for expenses. Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company.



CHARLOTTE L'HUILLIER, BABY 439



THE FIRST BEAR RAID

### Surely, There Is Compassion for That Man

THERE was once a husband who dreamed of having a closet all his own. He dreamed of a place where he could go at night and find things just the same as they were in the morning. He dreamed of a place which he did not occupy with his timid little two suits, a remote hook, while all the rest of the circumambient space was filled with—well, what-every-husband-knows. He dreamed, and he said: "I will take advantage of my wife's absence, and hire a carpenter and a locksmith and fix that closet up to suit myself and put on it an impregnable lock and key, and then I shall laugh softly and say: 'At last the great day has come!'"

And he did it.

And when that night his wife came home and saw the work that he had done, she said:

"Where is that key?"

And the husband, trembling—for he was no Bluebeard—produced it forthwith. And when she saw the ample space within she fell on his neck and said:

"My darling, the four new frocks I have bought this day, and the crepe de chine party wrap, and the fur-lined mother hubbard and the others—*your* thoughtfulness has provided for."

And the man went out in the garage and hanged his dress suit there—as he had been wont to do—and sighed to himself, saying, "Good night!"

### A Colonel in Affliction

THERE could hardly have been a drier eye in Frank Munsey when he wrote the editorial in the *Sun* (December 14th) against increasing the rate of postage on magazines. A provision of the post office appropriation bill threatens to do it by taking "all newspapers, magazines and other pub-

lications" out of the second class, and hauling them as merchandise or something like it.

Colonel Munsey has all the kinds of goods affected—"newspapers, magazines and other publications"—and when he lifts up his voice and cries, "Do not scrap the printing press!" there are real tears in it.

### His Mite

"IT is my belief, and I venture to assert it," declared the lecturer, raising his voice, "there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our vast forests."

A rather timid-looking man quietly arose in the rear of the hall and said: "I've shot wood-peckers."

WE hear that the German *fräulein* calls her sweetheart Hunny. (If you don't see this say it aloud!)

## Life's Contest in Criticism

(The Criticism Contest is now closed. The award of the \$500 prize for the best criticism has been unavoidably postponed until issue of January 25. We shall endeavor to print as many contributions as possible before that date)

### No. 10 *Newtonville, Mass.*

LIFE is an example of Success based on Independence. Its instrument is chiefly Wit. The Thing is worked thus:

Persons with a Sense of Humor are the most intellectual on Earth. Such persons, pronged with the Trident of Wit, return to be pronged again; for, having received of the Essence of Truth, they would for More.

Those thus pronged again make up the Army of Consumers.

For instance, LIFE has long pronged the Jews; hence the Jews, intellectual, are enthusiastic Buyers. LIFE smashes the Germans, and the Germans are Constant Subscribers.

Suppose LIFE's dramatic reviewer were gagged as to his truthful utterance concerning the theatre. Should we read his Stuff? No. So said reviewer writes independently, with the result that LIFE has no theatrical advertising, but gains a wide circulation among those who wish to know the Truth, and this increased circulation brings more advertising of a Better Class, such as How to Mend Bald Heads, Cigarettes, Sexology, How to Keep Your Shirt Down, and Booze.

LIFE needs no other advertising than the fearless use of this Trident of Wit, in which respect it has got in on the Ground Floor of its Contemporaries.

We don't like *everything* about LIFE. We wish it had less advertising, leaving more room for contributors. Don't renig Togo. The type is too small, but that can't be helped. There are not *quite* enough Naked Ladies. The verse is often good, but sometimes Suspicious, and all the Brothers might take an Occasional Pill.

### No. 11 *Lexington, Va.*

LIFE is a joy; why criticise? Yet, when producers seek flaws in joybeams, and even encourage fault-finding, why not?

LIFE is unique, but unicity *does* sometimes descend into iniquity. The "Awful" and "Improper" numbers linger in memory. Moreover, the faithful reader still frowns, even testily, on occasion. Naughtiness is hardly wickedness, but *dulness*!

For example, why skin the medicos eternally? They do, occasionally, relieve tummyache, and great minds agree not yet on vaccination or vivisection.

Similarly, why paint preachers, perpetually, as sissified, yet rather "ornery," nincompoops? Some such there be, but the dominies, for character and usefulness, rank, mayhap, higher than editorial nabobs, and at pitiful pay.

And Josephus! Why so much of him, and so little left

of him? One cannot but wonder if he laid violent hands on LIFE's private store!

The *Sun* used to do that sort of thing, drive to death, and cleverly, but how tiresome, and how hurtful to its influence!

Finally, brethren, LIFE is of the earth earthy, and *good*, but a little more heavenliness would widely extend its usefulness, and in directions where cheerfulness and sanity are greatly needed. "Irreverence" may be a vague charge, but LIFE is excluded from *many* homes because of occasional flippancy on certain subjects. LIFE is no common jester, but, like Mark Twain, of happy memory, a sunny and sane philosopher. One may jest and promulgate sound ideas, yet avoid needless offence. LIFE preaches, alas! to thousands of empty pews, and the preacher's tactlessness alone is to blame.

### No. 12 *Birmingham, Ala.*

WHEN I open the pages of LIFE the first advertisement my eyes rest upon begins, "ARE YOU CURIOUS to know what is in this space in the regular edition of LIFE? We cannot tell you here. It's against the law in this state."

I am not curious; I KNOW.

For sixteen drab years I was the wife of a drunkard. We are childless. I gave birth to one living child that died in infancy; then came one still-born, and after that years of suffering. I have heard my husband rave like a madman, drivell like an idiot. I have known hunger, have felt the blow of a drunkard's fury.

Six years ago a change came; he drinks no longer, and is to-day a sober man.

You offer a prize of \$500 for a criticism of LIFE. Not for \$5,000 would I forego the satisfaction of telling you how I loathe a magazine that will publish a liquor advertisement. Not for \$5,000,000 would I go back to the day when your bold headlines, "ARE YOU CURIOUS" would have the power to lure my husband on to drink, drink, drink.

AN ALABAMA WOMAN.

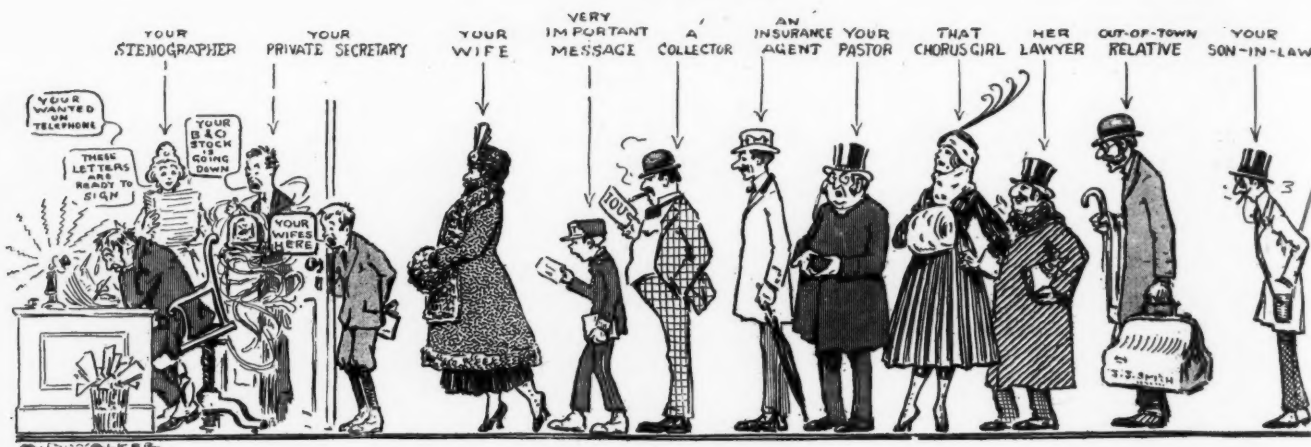
### No. 13 *Jefferson City, Mo.*

TO be witty one need not necessarily be unkind. LIFE strikes hard and generally in the right spot, but it many times strikes needlessly and leaves sore spots where the blows fall hardest. The surgeons appear to be continuous targets. It will not be disputed that surgery is a science and that it has greatly benefited the human race. It is an old story that if surgeons are not allowed to dissect the dead, living human beings will pay for their ignorance. Dissecting a living animal, a cat, a dog, a guinea pig, etc.,

(Continued on page 76)



*Shade of Lincoln:* HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ALL I TAUGHT YOU ABOUT SLAVERY, SAM?



"WHEN A MAN'S BUSY"

### "Horum Omnium Fortissimi Sunt Belgae"

A COUNTRY and a king were theirs, and now,  
Out of quiet homes and busy workshops hurled  
Into red war by broken faith and vow,  
They lose their country, and they gain—the world.

A nation nailed upon a bloody cross,  
They take our reverence, who can nothing bring,  
Their king more kingly in his kingdom's loss  
And every fighting Belgian crowned a king.

*Ruth Wright Kauffman.*

### Hopeless

IN New York the great question is now rapidly becoming:  
What shall we do with our midnights?  
In past generations people used to dine at six or six-thirty. Now they dine at eight, and at midnight, after they have eaten another meal, they go to some entertainment. The main difficulty is the lack of variety in these entertainments. You sit for an hour or so at a table, drinking wine that you don't want, listening to an orchestra that you wish you couldn't hear, looking at women that you don't want to see, and being relieved by the management of money that you ought not to have anyway. The monotony of this performance is appalling. Anyone who can invent a new way for New Yorkers to be robbed is entitled to an iron cross.

There is no object in going to bed in New York any more. If you are married you have to cook your own breakfast. If you are single you will be wanted in the suburbs, thus adding to the horrors of existence. And the law forbids New Yorkers from going to a drug store and buying anything that will render them unconscious.

GERMANY: I am almost down and out—but if you will make peace with me I'll let you off.

### Out of Bounds

THE Kaiser came to the Pearly Gate, unto St. Peter in his state. "Good day," he said. "I'm here," he said. St. Peter took from his knees a paper. "Answer these," was all he said.

And Wilhelm read the list—a treaty broken, a small land raped after high oaths spoken, an iron fist that made endless killing and spilling of blood of men and women and children; and then God's vast cathedral blown to bits, and so on.

Wilhelm collected his wits and smiled, "Here is my White Book, compiled by our learned logicians and metaphysicians, explaining away all that you say."

St. Peter's face was unchanged. "This act—when Belgium was conquered and sacked, and her sons in their graves, you broke one more vow, and took the rest to be slaves. What now?"

"You heard of that? Nay, I did not mean to come this way. Good day."



"NO MAN'S LAND"  
THE SITE OF HIS OLD HOME



## WHY THE CHANDLER LEADS

**F**OUR years ago the Chandler Six was announced to the public. Three years ago it was still an infant in the industry, though beginning to attract rather wide attention. Two years ago, with a radical reduction in price without any cheapening of the car, it became the talk of the trade and public alike. A year ago it had come to be recognized as having very substantially arrived. Thousands were buying Chandlers.

Today the Chandler occupies one of the foremost positions in the whole industry. All of which would seem to prove that the Chandler idea—to build the best six-cylinder motor car and sell it at a moderate price—is just as *right* today as it was four years ago.

Chandler leadership is founded on motor superiority, attractiveness of body designs, splendid equipment, and a price free from inflation.

*Seven-Passenger Touring Car, \$1395*  
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DEALERS IN HUNDREDS OF CITIES AND TOWNS

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### An Unfair Question

The employer of a Polish maid who has learned to speak English has told the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* of her experiences with the telephone. After its use was explained to her she was eager to answer every call. One day a ring came and she jumped to the instrument.

"Hello!" came from the receiver.

"Hello!" answered the girl, flushed with pride at being able to give the proper answer.

"Who is this?" continued the voice.

"I don't know!" exclaimed the maid.

"I can't see you."—*Youth's Companion*.

"ARE you an art connoisseur?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Cumrox; "although I should never speak of myself as such."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not absolutely sure I know how to pronounce the word."

—*Washington Star*.



"COOL AND COLLECTED"

### What She Looked Like

Uncle Sam's steamers crossing the Atlantic have enormous stars and stripes painted on both sides of their hulls, bow and stern, and between these flags the space is occupied by the ship's name. At night brilliant lights illuminate the whole gaudy scheme. The first steamer to decorate herself like this was signalled by a British cruiser.

"What ship is that?"

The reply came: "United States mail steamer So-and-So."

Said the cruiser: "Thanks. Thought you were a Christmas tree out of season."

—*London Opinion*.

### A Dead Shot

The valor and candid simplicity of our Indian Babu are proverbial. A story goes of one, anent the German East campaign, who was about the most laconic, competent, deadly earnest station-master and marksman combined that ever lived. A regiment of men like him would end the war, for this is the wire he sent: "One hundred Germans attacking station. Send immediately one rifle and one hundred rounds ammunition."

—*Tit-Bits*.

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The Carolina Hotel and Cottages now open  
Holly Inn, Berkshire and Harvard open early in January

**Golf** The 3 eighteen-hole courses are augmented this year by the new nine-hole course which will be open for play. The fairways and greens are equal to any in the South.

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**Trap Shooting** Every facility provided for trap shooting. 30,000 acre private shooting preserve. Guides, trained dogs, and shooting wagons provided.

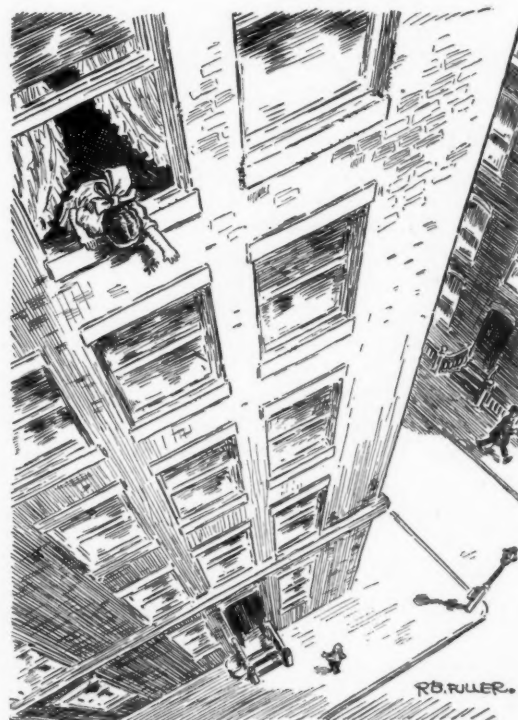
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Send for illustrated booklet giving full information.



Sister: DID YOU FIND IT, TOMMY?

Tommy (who dropped his new watch from window):

YES—BUT THE DARN THING'S STOPPED.



VERY MUCH AT SEA

## The Latest Books

(Continued from page 65)

**P**ERRHAPS some time Professor Leacock will get round to giving us a skit-a-fied interpretation of that peripatetic philosopher and poet, Vachel Lindsay, whose "A Handy Guide for Beggars" (Macmillan, \$1.25) appears to take itself so seriously among the further foolishnesses of the fall books. Mr. Lindsay, who is the author of "Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty," is the inventor of a new kind of hoboism—a sort of Oscar Wilde of the hedgerows who does conjuring tricks with a tomato-can instead of a sunflower. The sophisticated pseudo-naïveté of his working methods are illustrated and codified in this latest record of his vagabonding.

J. B. Kerfoot.

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## Church Merging

**T**HE idea of combination in restraint of trade may, after all, have been the precursor of combinations in relief of religion. Already there is a well marked movement to combine churches in the smaller towns, thus making one church take the place of a number. The result is a saving in expense and an increase in power. One of the most notable examples of the application of this principle is in Bisbee, Arizona, where there were formerly twelve churches, each with its own preacher. Under the direction of the Rev. John J. Pritchard these churches were merged into one big one, known as the Union church. Other communities are adopting the idea, with great benefit to everyone. Why not?

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### The Kind That Makes Bryan Tired

At a recent Missouri Chautauqua a man came to William J. Bryan and told him: "I have always voted for you ev'ry time you've run, Mister Brine, an' I'll be glad to vote for you agin, as often as possible." Mr. Bryan thanked him, and a fellow lyceum worker said:

"Don't you get awfully tired of having men come up and declare they've always voted for you and always will?"

"No, indeed," said Mr. Bryan. "The people that make me tired are the ones that say they've never voted for me and never will."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

### Appearances Deceptive

The aunt of a little boy was amazed at the appetite exhibited by him during a recent stay in her household.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed one day. "But you certainly eat a terrible lot, Willie, for such a little fellow!"

Willie, however, was not at all upset by this.

"I expect," he rejoined, "that I ain't so little as I look from the outside."

—*Columbus Citizen*.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PRIM OLD GIRL (at art museum): And this, I presume, is Cleopatra, the Theda Bara of her day?

ENGLISH CARETAKER: On the contrary, madame, this is the Venus de Milo. Quite 'armless, madame, quite 'armless.

—*Sun Dial*.

**EGYPTIAN DEITIES**  
*"The Ultimate in Cigarettes"*  
 Plain End or Cork Tip  
 People of culture, refinement and education invariably **PREFER Deities** to any other cigarette.  
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These famous British-made balls were used by James M. Barnes, 1916 American Professional Golf Champion, in all his successes, by Lawrence Cowing when he won the California State Championship, and by other sensational players. For remarkable distance and accuracy try "29" (medium) and "31" (heavy).

For sale by golf professionals and golf clubs. \$9 per dozen, 75¢ each  
**DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., Birmingham, Eng.**



### Up Against It

"I don't always get stenographers who can spell."

"Refer 'em to the dictionary, old chap."

"But I'm in the motor business. And that has produced a flock of words that haven't gotten into the dictionary as yet."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

### Overheard in a Book Store

PROSPECTIVE CUSTOMER (to saleslady): Have you something in books for about a dollar and a half?

—*The Evening Sun*.

In business you know many self-controlled men. Aren't they usually successful?

And away from business won't you find them moderate in other things?

It is for just such men that we make a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey—Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!

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UNSUNG HEROES

THE BOY WHO HAD BEEN WISHING FOR A

## No Difference

WHO can distinguish between the current German cry for "freedom of national development" and the cry of the wolf for freedom to eat the sheep, of the fox for freedom to steal the chickens?

IT was the 1002nd night. Scheherazade was at her wits' end. She had told the last story she knew. But she had been prudent enough to order that week's LIFE in advance from her newsdealer, and, handing it to the Sultan, she knew she had another day's respite.



For the luncheon or afternoon bridge you're planning, serve a *Viola Parfait*, a *Woodland Sundae*, a *Favorita Sherbet*. Or, you can choose from many other delicious dishes made with *Crème Yvette*. You'll enjoy their distinctive violet tint and taste. Learn why *Crème Yvette* has long been famous in well-known hotels and restaurants throughout the country.

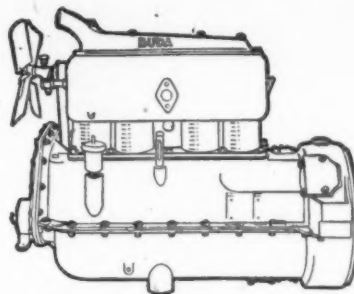
It is easy to serve these unique desserts, and they're entirely different from any other kind. What more can the busy hostess ask?

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And it is, for the Buda Company has been known for high standards for 36 long years. Address Harvey (a suburb of Chicago) Illinois.



### Belgium's Part

NATIONS, like persons, are loved for their weaknesses as well as for their strength. This is the beauty of Belgium, that where England gave her might and France her fire, little Belgium could give only her tears.

And who shall say that in the final reckoning these shall not count along with the sturdier things of life?

The Battle of Belgium was not fought at Liege, nor at Mons, nor yet at Antwerp. The Battle of Belgium is going on to-day, will go on so long as the Beast still stalks abroad, and the knights still ride in the hearts of men.

For the cry of little Belgium has smitten the heart of the world as the cry of a frightened child or an anguished woman smites upon the heart of a man.

The dust has cried out to the God it worshipped, and that God has proved he has not been worshipped in vain.

Earl Simonson.



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### Life's Contest in Criticism

(Continued from page 68)

has been the subject of many severe jabs from LIFE, and yet the side of the surgeons has not been presented. They could doubtless present a very good alibi against the charges of LIFE, or at least one that would tend to soften the judgment of the public. Only the evil side of this matter has been presented.

LIFE is sometimes very hard upon the rich. They are depicted as being selfish and undeserving of public

esteem. Their hides are taken off in nearly every issue of LIFE and their very worst side is exposed to a public that is ever ready to crucify.

A great publication ought to be able to always find more merit in humanity than evil. All of us are supposed to possess some good. Total depravity is not supposed to exist. The grist of skeletons that are exposed in the police and the divorce courts is more than

the daily newspapers care to carry, and yet they are always seeking some good in humanity and occasionally bringing it to the attention of the public.

LIFE is too big to be little in anything. If it should withhold the lash to a small extent and seek more for pleasant things to say about the mortals on earth, it would harvest smiles in place of frowns and lose nothing of its great popularity.

# VOGUE

## Will Raise its Price to \$5

The present rate of \$4  
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Owing to the tremendous increase in the cost of paper, labor and materials, Vogue—rather than lower its standard of production in the slightest degree—will raise its price on February 15th, from \$4 a year to \$5.

Vogue is not an extravagance as mere fiction magazines are. It is an economy, rather. Its advance fashion information and authoritative advice insure you against "clothes mistakes" and save you many times its subscription price.

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## VOGUE

CONDÉ NAST, Publisher  
EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE, Editor



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**A Mild Threat**

The following story of the late Dr. Timothy Dwight appeared recently in the daily press. In his early days, when he was a tutor in charge of student discipline at Yale—a sort of proctor, apparently—he was called out of his room by some midnight escapade. He was obliged as a matter of duty to pursue the disturbers, and with his long legs he soon found himself gaining rapidly upon them. Thereupon a solemn voice rang out suddenly into the night:

"Gentlemen, if you don't run a little faster, I shall be obliged to overtake you!"—*Youth's Companion*.

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Absolutely Removes  
Indigestion. One package  
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**German Answers to Everyday Questions**

Q. WHY did you violate Belgium's neutrality?

A. The war would have been over in three months if the United States had not prolonged it by selling munitions to the Allies.

Q. Why are you deporting Belgians into virtual slavery, and forcing them to dig trenches and work in munitions factories, in direct violation of The Hague Convention?

A. The war was started by England, who hates Germany because of her superiority in trade.

Q. Why did you steal food which the American Red Cross was shipping to the Belgians, whom you were starving to death?

A. We won the Battle of Jutland because we were the first to claim the victory.

Q. Why did you murder Edith Cavell?

A. We are fighting for our existence and have a right to use poison gas or dum-dum bullets.

Q. How do you explain the atrocities committed by German soldiery in Belgium?

A. Wait until the war is over! Then we will repay the United States for her cowardly and contemptible unneutrality.

Q. How dare you talk of "peace with honor" while Belgium lies beneath your heel?

A. Our cause is just! God is with us!

Kenneth L. Roberts.

WHEN Penelope was making Ulysses comfortable after his return from the Trojan war, she had ready to his hand the latest number of LIFE, which, paragon of wives that she was, she had prudently ordered from the newsdealer in advance.

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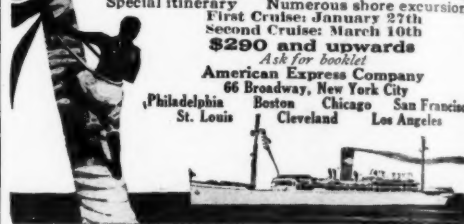
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